CITIZEN PLANS FOR THE FUTURE ★ 16 Page Holiday Section Inside

For this, our Christmas edition, the Citizen is being distributed to subscribers alike. Next week, as usual, ONLY subscribers will receive The Citizen.

The Citizen-Advertiser, of course will continue to have the widest distribution of any puplication in Nevada County.

THE CITIZEN HAS PLANS!

As 1960 begins, the Citizen will begin to expand its news and feature coverage:

to appear SOON, exclusively in the Citizen:

"Snowshoe Thompson and the Birth of Skiing as a Sport," by Stanley H. Halls ---a colorful, accurate history, complete with old-time photographs---appearing in print for the first time, anywhere. This feature series will provide an invaluable background to the 1960 Winter Olympics, opening in Squaw Valley in February.

THE ART OF FAMILY FUN, by George and Evelyn Burcham. An occasional series feature, fully illustrated, crammed full of original and useful ideas for your family pleasure. See your Christmas Book supplement for a page of Christmas fun, by the Burchams.

Also on our drawing boards:
"THE PAST IN PICUTRES," a fascinating collection of photographs of early days in Nevada County, from the extensive files of a well-known local citizen.

EXPANDED COMMUNITY COVERAGE---in the near future the Citizen will increase its staff of correspondents, to provide even-more-thorough local coverage of large and small news events.

AND MORE! Our small but enthusiastic staff is constantly striving to make the Citizen more colorful, more readable, more informative.

YES, THE CITIZEN HAS PLANS. WHY DON'T YOU PLAN TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE CITIZEN, "THE PAPER WITH THE PICTURES"?

WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE RIGHT NOW.

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Nevada County Citizen

Vol. 1 No. 11 Published Weekly 10¢ A Copy THE PAPER WITH THE PICTURES Nevada City, Wednesday December 23, 1959

Olympic Housing Start

Scott Barrow was elected to head the Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce at a meeting of directors Thursday.

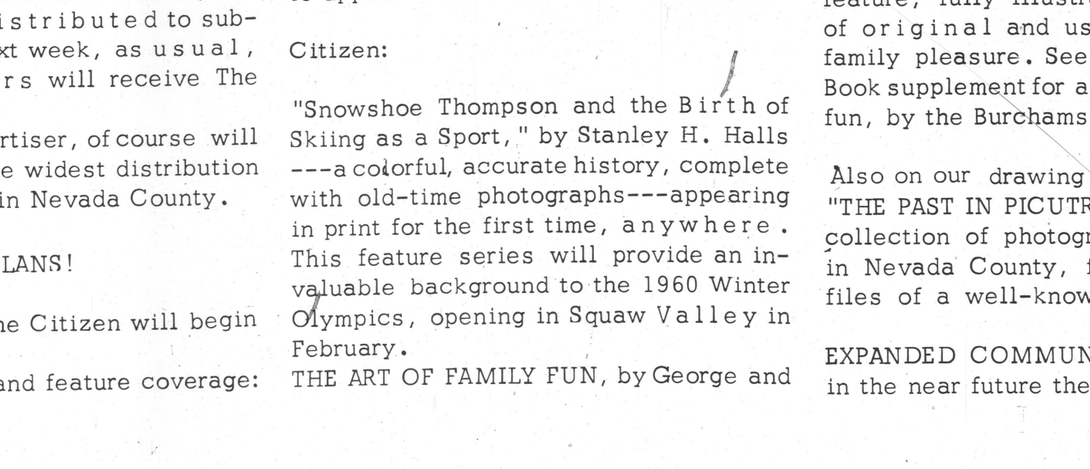
Barrow, manager of the Nevada County Title Company, was offered the cooperation of all directors present during the coming year.

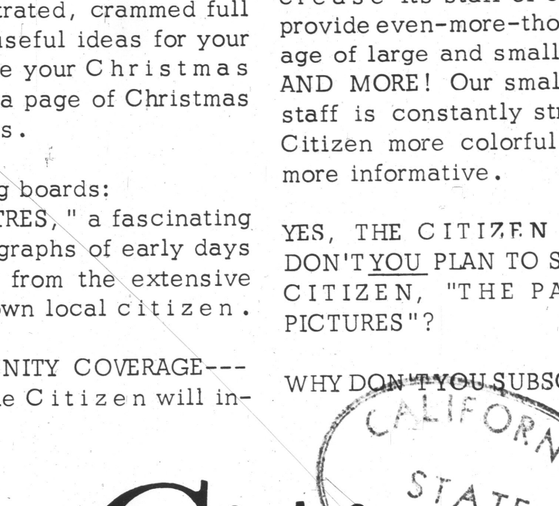
Clete Osterholt, vice-president, and Thelma Bond, secretary-treasurer, both were re-elected to their posts.

Directors elected to two year terms were Gordon Wright, Kay Gallino, Barrow, Larry Farrell, Jim Allen, Ken Adams, Sterl Boothby, and Mel Hillier.

Leonard Prisk, out-going president, was elected to fill an unexpired term on the board of directors.

Installation of officers will be held Jan. 23, with full plans reported to the membership at a Jan. 7 meeting.





Barrow To Head GV CofC

The long awaited flow of Squaw Valley reservations for lodging in this area began last week when Grass Valley received 10 three day confirmations.

The Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce announced receipt of the first reservations from Squaw Valley housing headquarters.

Additional reservations were arriving this week.

To date, the Nevada City Chamber of Commerce has has not received any reservations, Manager Gwen Anderson said.

The reservations placed new emphasis on the need for public transportation to Squaw Valley via Highway 20.

Although no official action toward getting bus service during the Olympics has been taken, individuals have reported dissatisfaction to chambers of commerce officials in both cities with Greyhound Lines routing through Auburn.

License Renewal Underway

Renewal of commercial vehicle registration for 1960 is currently under way in field offices of the Department of Motor Vehicles throughout the State.

Statement cards for trucks and trailers were mailed shortly after Dec. 1 to a million and a half registered owners. Private passenger car statements will be mailed by DMV on December 28 in a bulk quanity of 6,500,000 for the regular auto renewal period which extends from Monday, Jan. 4, 1960, through Thursday, Feb. 4.

Department officials emphasized two requirements of law that now affect applicants for 1960 auto registration.

Any person who acquires a vehicle by transfer during December is required by law to pay the full registration fees for the following year.

Any applicants for registration of commercial vehicles on the quarterly basis for 1960, are advised to apply for this option at DMV field offices early in the holiday season. This installment fee plan is available only if applied for on or before Jan. 5, for owners of currently used vehicles subject to weight fees.

Registration service will be available at 150 full or part time DMV offices and at 100 auto club offices throughout the State for their members. Beginning Jan. 4, 145 temporary bank stations will handle simple renewals on autos, trucks and trailers, requiring presentation of fees with complete 1960 punched cards. The bank stations are principally in metropolitan areas, and will discontinue service at close of business, Thursday, Feb. 4.

DONATION DAY...photos show high school students (above) entering Veterans Memorial Building with their canned goods. Top left is the Nevada Union High School band in "Jingle Bells," middle left is a pile of empty bags in the hall as the collection progressed. Bottom left shows students on parade. Top right phots shows Mrs. Larry Taylor (left) wheeling one of the buggys for distribution into Christmas gift boxes. Mrs. Downey Clinch, Ladies Relief Society president, checks with her on the supply. Other parade pictures appear at the right.

Donation Day

Nearly 2000 Grass Valley elementary and high school students carried forward the tradition of Donation Day Friday to the delight of hundreds of residents who watched them parade through the downtown area.

The parade of canned goods resulted in Christmas food and gift boxes which will benefit more than 75 families in the area, it was announced by Mrs. Downey Clinch, president of the Ladies Relief Society.

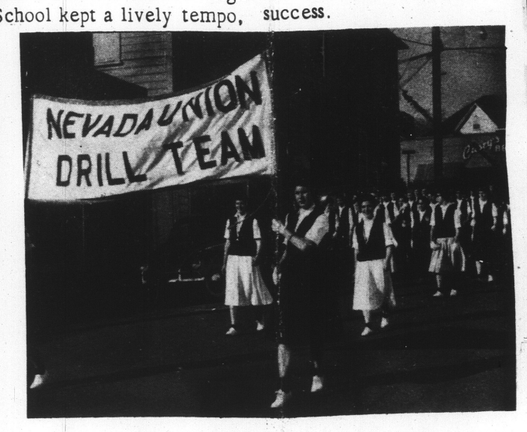
Under a bright and warm December sun, the children kept a steady pace from their school to the Veterans Memorial Building via Auburn, Main, Mill and Neal Streets.

Bands of Hennessy School and Nevada Union High School kept a lively tempo, and the schools' majorettes and cheer leaders added color to the parade, as did the high school drill team.

The high school band serenaded in front of the Veterans Memorial Building at the end of the parade, and a short ceremony was held.

Inside the building, canned goods were sorted and placed in holiday decorated boxes by students and women of the Ladies Relief Society---ready to be delivered to needy families in time to brighten the Christmas holiday.

Collection by the Grass Valley Firemen of donations from the crowd watching the parade, along with food and money donated by various civic clubs helped to make the 76th annual ceremony a success.



Highway Revision Completed

Work has been completed on the revision and improvement of highway drainage facilities at five locations on the Yuba Pass Highway, a section of State Sign Route 49 between Nevada City and Downieville in Nevada, Yuba, and Sierra counties, State Division of Highways officials announced today at the Marysville district office.

The five sites are located at various points from the south fork of the Yuba River, about five miles north of Nevada City, to just west of Downieville. The corrections are designed to minimize pavement failures due to seepage in the mountainous terrain, and to reduce road maintenance costs.

Claude L. Youngs, Inc. of Sacramento was the contractor of the $7,300 job. Tom Heather of Grass Valley was resident engineer for the Division of Highways.

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EDITORIAL

LIKE A GENTLE SNOWFALL

The arduous preparations are over--the cooking and the buying and the borrowing and the office parties and the house-cleaning and the card-mailing and the light-stringing and tree-trimming and the Santa Claus-asking and the wrapping and the decorating and the fire-building and the complaining.

Then comes the silent night, the holy night, and the beauty of Christmas settles upon the world like a gentle snowfall.

The children are happy. They kneel on the floor and stare dreamily at the fire, fire, enjoying both the pleasure ot this moment and the promise of tomorrow. They remind us that this is a time of birth and newness and hope and gentleness and love.

And the toil ot preparation becomes a vague, pleasant memory, something that was necessary but is now irrelevant.

Letters To The Editor

The Citizen Advertiser
Nevada City, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to formally lodge a complaint that your paper has caused my family to aquire acute cases of homesickness. I attempt to stop the postman before he slips it into the mail slot, but unfortunately I seldom can spot him in the fog. Consequently your paper is pounced upon and eagerly devoured. I have been unmercifully pressured into sending this subscription fee which will carry us through the remaining six months of our stay and our return to God's country.

Most gratefully,

Baron R. F. D. Wildebanks
47 Campden Hill Square
London W8 England

Editor:

Like some others I've been waiting for your paper to settle down to a definite form and size.

Whether it will be just four pages or four pages with single center sheet or an eight page paper?

In every issue, invite readers to donate local items of public interest . . . a setup covering a weeks' weather is good.

R. Sam Meaney
Nevada City

(Editor's note: We appreciate suggestions from our readers. As all of our subscribers know, we have "settled down" to the usual format of a four-page Citizen section and a four-page Citizen-Advertiser section. On occasions such as this week, that format will be changed to bring our readers something more than is usual. We echo Mr. Meaney's suggestion that readers donate local items.)

To the Editor:

Dear Dutch Ovenkid:

I found your letter most interesting and quite a challenge, but after having much confidence in myself as a cook, I'm now having serious doubts about whether I can accept your challenge.

For instance, your statement about waterless and greaseless cooking. Now that was really intriguing, not very edible, but very intriguing. You see, all week I have been using your advice and frying egg after egg with no grease, and Mr. Ovenkid, I am at a loss to tell you what I think of those.

Another thing I find deflating to the ego is that the whole experiment disproved my theory that one likes what what he gets used to because we certainly learned to love my burnt chocolate cakes, but we just can't go those burnt eggs.

You also mentioned the dutch oven, well I have what is called a Dutch Oven, a heavy iron pot with a tight fitting lid, and to know it is to love it. Is that the kind you mean? I always use mine in combination with some sort of stove and have never used it outside with an open fire.

Gee whiz, Mr. Ovenkid, it must be awful for you when it's snowing. And I've come to the conclusion you must be a native. No one that wasn't raised up here could possibly be that brave.

You were wrong about one thing though, I don't use any baking powder in my cakes at all, I just add a cup of water and two eggs, beat it and it's ready for the oven. It doesn't even call for baking powder on the back of the box.

I confess I've never baked one in my Dutch Oven, but I am certainly willing to give it a try.

One thing that puzzles me is, if the dutch oven is really as great as everone seems to think, why haven't the Russians claimed to have invented it?

Now about your challenge on cooking venison, do you mean we would have a contest? How about you using your method and I'll use mine? If we can only find a judge without jaded tastebuds I'd be willing to try.

But after all, Mr. Ovenkid, don't you think it would be more chivalrous for you to provide the venison? I've heard so much about the chivalry and hospitality of the natives and I know that little old game warden would want you to make a good impression on a comparative newcomer like myself.

After all, with the whole reputation of Nevada County at stake, I think its your patriotic duty to provide the deer meat, legal or other wise. And I can assure you, Mr. Ovenkid, I'm not one to look askance at an otherwise venison roast.

Yours for better cooking
Donna Milhous

Editor:

GOLD - General Facts worth Remembering.

A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1219 pounds and is worth $511,980 at $35 per ounce.

Gold is weighed by troy weight which contains 480 grains per ounce.

A 17 inch cube of Gold weighs a Ton, worth $420 per pound or $840,000 at $35 per ounce.

Every monetary system must be based on a standard unit of value which consists of a fixed quantity of some definite concrete substance to be measured by the units of weight or space. (Encyclopedia Brittanica, caption MONEY)

REGULATE: To put and keep in good order; Adjust according to a standard, as, to regulate a watch or mechanism. (Funk Wagnalls Standard Dictonary)

Those definitions and principles establish that gold as gold is a Commodity.

Before the government can coin gold, silver or coper, it must acquire these metals, and it cannot acquire these until our gold miners are in operation.

When the government takes the Gold and casts it into coins and stamps it as a guarantee of weight and purity of metal which constitution the value, such coins become MONEY.

The very word MONEY is derived from Montea, another name for the goddess Juno. In her temple was kept the die for stamping coins; hence such stamped coins were called "Money".

Congress shall have power "to coin Money, regulate the value thereof and of foregin coin, the fix the standard of weights and measures". (Constitution Article 1. Sec. 8)

John R. Ross
San Andreas, Calif.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WEEK

One of the busiest men in Western Nevada County, but with time to take care of children throughout the world ---that is Santa Claus, Citizen of the week.

Although his interview with The Citizen was a necessity brief, Santa said he expects this year to be the "greatest ever" for children throughout the world.

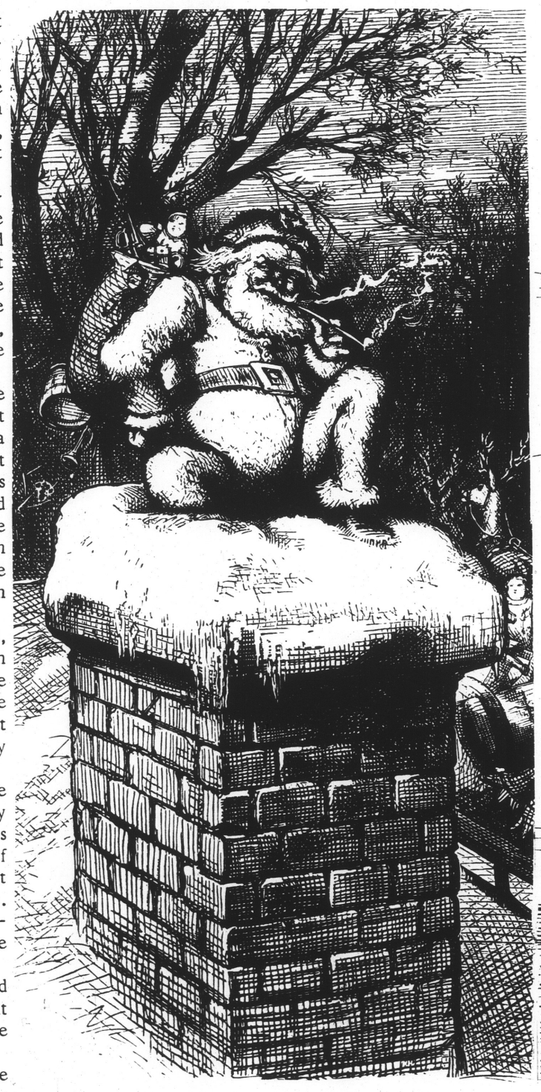
He laughed heartily at those who emphasize juvenile delinquency.

"Children are the same today as they have always been," he said. "They have a basic desire to be good, and it is my pleasure to join with their parents and friends in rewarding them during the Christmas season."

Santa Claus asked that all who have helped him in Western Nevada County through the holiday season be given his best regards. He explained it is necessary for him to authorize others to take his place from time to time. In that way, he can cover the world with his jolly laugh and keep all the children under his twinkling eyes.

"Tell all," he said, "It will be a Merry Christmas."

We were busy writing his message to his helpers and when we turned, Santa was gone. Sadly, we cannot report whether he left via reindeer or rocket.



From Santa's Album

Grandfather Kris Kringle ***Grandson S. Future Claus***

Fool's Gold

By Dean Thompson

One of the first things we learned in studying journalism is that the reporter and columnist is an impersonal being and must register the facts as they are impressed on his eye and ear.

Therefore, when we speak through a column such as this we use the word "we" to describe our actions and feelings.

At the risk of losing any good status that may exist with other journalists, I am going to kick over the traces today.

It is a necessary exception to the rule. There is no other way to say what must be said.

Since my arrival in Western Nevada County, I have found the people to be friendly beyond my fondest expectations. They have been encouraging, they have been honest, they have been fair.

These new neighbors of mine, throughout this area, are now friends. For the most part, they became friends from the moment I met them. I am grateful.

But I have a problem.

How can I express my gratitude to all of you who have helped make this "paper with the pictures" an established institution is such a short period of time?

How can I thank the sources of news that have given of information without reservation, without prejudice?

How can I thank those advertisers who have tried our columns as an avenue to reach their customers?

Whether these news and advertising sources have been repaid by news or advertising coverage is beside the point. They gave what was asked. How can I personally give back in return.

That is my problem.

No Christmas card has been made that is adequate. No means has been devised to reach many whose names I do not yet even know.

For that reason I gladly risk a professional reprimand.

For this reason---
I wish each and every one of you a personal Merry Christmas.

+ + + + + +

If you have risen to the usual Christmas feeling of goodwill toward men, and if you are sufficiently imbued with the spirit of giving, then you are properly conditioned for this story.

It is fiction only in that it will omit names and places.

The story begins with the arrival "in town" of a family---man, wife (seven months along), and two children.

One of the welfare agencies arranged for food at a restaurant and lodging for the night at a hotel. The restaurant operator hired the man as dishwasher, and things looked brighter.

Christmas Spirit was beginning to assert itself.

But the story does not end yet.

That night, the mother was rushed to a hospital. And to compound problems, the children were taken to the hospital the next day.

Christmas Spirit rose to the occasion, and the restaurant operator began shopping to make the family homecoming as cheery as possible---clothes for the children, pots, pans, and a number of other items to make life in an apartment more than just bearable.

Sheets were a problem. The welfare agencies had given all they felt was possible to one family. The restaurant operator likewise.

Christmas Spirit was jolted when the husband complained about the lack of sheets. After all, he had been promised them. But it was only a minor setback to the happy holiday season, the family was reunited and had a wage earner.

Pay day came. That night the husband arrived for work and proudly showed off his acquisition---a new wrist watch.

---Welfare agencies are countinuing their good work. A restaurant operator is planning again for his own future. The Christmas Spirit is a great as ever, too grand to be spoiled by one incident.

But our story seems to say that human nature varies little, even at Christmas time.

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Civic Clu

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Mrs. Marie Hilpert
Mrs. Thelma Butz distr
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orated Christmas tre
nated by Mr. and Mr
Kohler.

Christmas Carols we
by the members with M
Rogina being the accor
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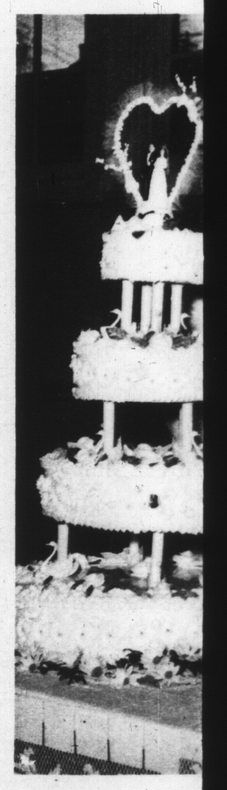
Barbara

The First Methodist
in Grass Valley was the
for the November 21s
ding of Barbara Ellen
and Robert Thomas R
Reverend Lester E. Lew
formed the rites in a
of White carnations an
low chrysanthemums

Mr. And



Social News

Margaret Abrahamson Society Editor

CHRISTMAS PARTY.....of Circle 325 of the Neighbors of Woodcraft is pictured above. Entertainment was furnished the group by the Campus Kings of Sierra College (below). They are (left to right) Elliott Hill, Bill Kaslar, Norman Fellows and Phil Gregory.

Civic Club Xmas Party Held

The annual Christmas Party of the Women's Civic Club was held in the Club room on Broad Street Wednesday afternoon.

After a short business meeting conducted by Mrs. Katherine Celio, the meeting was turned over to Mrs. Lemoyne Dark, general chairman.

Mrs. Marie Hilpert and Mrs. Thelma Butz distributed exchange gifts which surrounded a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Ted Kohler.

Christmas Carols were sung by the members with Mrs. A. Rogina being the accompanist at the piano.

Mrs. Barbara Peterson, membership chairman, conducted an initiation ceremony for the nine new members who have joined the club in 1959.

Corsages were pinned on each new member.

A vote of appreciation was extended to Mrs. Dark and her committee for the beautifully decorated room done in Christmas garlands of Christmas foliage.

Mrs. Barbara Peterson and her committee were also thanked for arranging the tea.

Mrs. G. B. Stebbins, director, introduced the 20 members of the Newcomers' Lyric Ensemble who entertained with Christmas songs and were very much appreciated. Mrs. Stirling Snow accompanied the group.

Refreshments were served on a beautifully appointed tea table. Two poinsettia cloths with green tapers and holly decked the table.

Mrs. George Gildersleeve and Mrs. Katherine Celio poured from beautiful antique silver tea and coffee sets.

The oldest member, Mrs. Harriet Farmer who will be 90 years old this month was honored.

A lovely decorated birthday cake and gifts were placed on a specially decorated table in honor of her birthday.

Barbara Dorsey Weds R. Romero

The First Methodist Church in Grass Valley was the scene for the November 21st wedding of Barbara Ellen Dorsey and Robert Thomas Romero. Reverend Lester E. Lewis performed the rites in a setting of White carnations and yellow chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid was Barbara Pearl Allred of Nevada City while Robert Harrison of Sunnyvale, Calif. served as best man. Allen Wills seated the guests.

The Brides gown was of Chantilly lace over white silk satin, featuring buoffant skirt with a chapel lenght train. Her flowers were two white orchids on a white prayer book with silver ribbons. The bridesmaid was attired in a mint green ballerina lenght gown of net over satin. Her flowers were yellow carnations fashioned into a nosegay bouquet.

After the wedding, the guests and wedding party attended a reception held in Wesley Hall where the bride and groom cut a four tiered wedding cake. Later the bride and groom attended a dinner party held in their honor in Washington.

The bride's mother was attired in a Grey wool suit accented by black accessories and wore a corsage of pink carnations with silver ribbons. The mother of the groom wore a navy blue suit with pink accessories and also wore a pink carnation corsage. Flowers for the matrons were gifts of the groom.

The new Mrs. Romero is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dorsey of Washington. She attended Amity High School in Amity, Ark. Being graduated from that institution in 1957. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Romero of Washington. He attended school in Gilroy, graduating form Gilroy High School in 1956.

After a honeymoon which took them to southern California and Las Vegas, the young couple are now at home in Washington, Calif. where the groom si employed by Tahoe Sugar Pine Company.

Mr. And Mrs Robert T. Romero

Photo by Barbara Snow

Potpourri by maggi

IT IS TWO DAYS before Christmas... the shopping is not quite finished as usual. What to get the kids, not to mention what to get for the better half of the family. I just don't know...and as for my Mother...the thing is, what does one get one's Mother...expecially when you haven't been able to have a visit other than by letter or an occasional telephone call...anyway I settled on... guess what? (Actually, as you know, this is written a week in advance, and I haven't the slightest of a glimmer in my little mind) maybe I'll know more next week...

If you are at all interested in the chrysanthemums on my walls, they are going the way of all chrysanthemums... Out! OUT! The realtor has told me that we can paint them away, Away, AWAY! And A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU SIR!

Seemed more like Christmas last week, at least the hail sort of made things a little more Christmas like. The white, white ot the roofs, and the way it looked on the holly tree...oh well, visions of a white Christmas were almost here... and may still be...but today is sunny and almost warm...

Heard the jets flying over the other night and thought again about the story I was reading, and thinking again about Pearl Harbor, and honestly, how can one really rest easily...and a..... Merry Christmas to me....

MY SON keeps borrowing someones bicycle and I rather think that is a real broad hint...but I shall remain adamant. The last bicycles in our family ended up costing us a small mint...a broken leg, a serious injury and the loss of a front tooth...no more, no more...and A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU TOO, SON!

I sound more like Scrooge every minute...and the Ghosts of Christmas Past keep seeping in and around...and I am feeling rather grouchy...Christmas does things like that to me...the friends that are elsewhere...my family which is separated by distance...and happier lands, and the fact that I am broke as usual... and a merrier Christmas to me too...

ANYWAY...enough of that sort of thing. The tree looks so nice...the parties are many and varied...the people so courteous when you approach them for a picture.

AN ORCHID to the lovely waitress at the Gold Center Club who thoughtfully provided a cup of coffee when I was waiting for one of the many party groups to put in an appearance.

MULTIPLE ORCHIDS OF MANY KINDS to the youngsters at school who put on their plays, directed by hardworking men and women who received naught but thanks for their efforts...the parades, the many things brought for the needy... the people who cooperated in fashioning baskets to be distributed...and our nice boss who had a party for us at his home in Peardale...the people who call us to tell us the news...and the good will toward fellow man that prevails...

BUT...can't you see the stores the day after Christmas..exchange!,exchange! Exchange! EXCHANGE! It doesn't fit, it is the wrong color, I already have one like it...egad, who would want that? All in the spirit of Christmas...

Well, anyway, there must be some new babies that will just be satisfied in being here in time for the celebration of another new born babe...

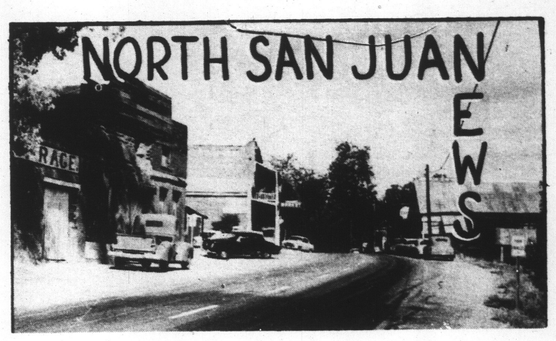
WHO'S NEW IN WHO'S WHO....Mr. and Mrs. Noel Weldon of Nevada City welcomed a son, Clay Robert, on December 13, at Miners Hospital.

December 17th is the birthday for Carolyn Jean, whose parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford of Grass Valley.

December 11th Mr. and Mrs. Neil Robinson of Grass Valley presented a new daughter, Laurie Ann. December 14, Mr. and Mrs. John Bigley, III, welcomed a daughter Christine Rae, who will make her home in Nevada City. December 15, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilson of Auburn presented a daughter Laurie Elizabeth. December 15, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis of Cedar Ridge debuted Michele Marie.

THIS IS ALL FOR NOW...hope that you have enjoyed our little get-to-gether these past weeks, and that we'll have many more of them...my personal best wishes for the merriest of Christmas's and please attend the Church of your choice.

And a Merry, Merry Christmas to you and You And Especially YOU!



By DONNA MILHOUS

Phone AXtel 2-3207

It has rained and everyone who didn't feel "Christmasy" does now, or so they tell me. The rain meant a lot to everyone, but Gertrude Atha was especially glad because it meant that she could come down off her perch at the Grouse Ridge Lookout.

+ + + + + +

The tiny town of North San Juan looks like an old fashioned Christmas Card at night now that the men of North San Juan Volunteer Fire Department have put up the decorations. This is one of many little chores they perform throughout the year when they aren't working at their own jobs or fighting fires. The North San Juan Fire truck put in 85 hours on the Marsh Mill Fire and was driven by Buck Hammon.

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Buehlah Hammon is learning to be a beauty operator. She attends classes every day in Marysville and works at Babe's Market weekends. Tells me that she's having to learn all about electricity. Lets hope when she graduates she'll set up shop in North San Juan.

+ + + + + +

The Mothers Club, affiliates of the Teen Age Club, held an emergency meeting recently to decide what they must do to protect the Tacreputation from antics of other children who are turned loose to roam as they please. It was decided to hold parties at Birchville School. So in the future, any teenagers seen tearing around town acting like little hoodlums, won't be club members...we hope.

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Parents will be happy to learn that the 4-H Christmas party won't be held till Jan. 2 at the Birchville school house. This will give a much needed breather from the endless round of merriment that children love so much and parents find so exhausting.

+ + + + + +

Friday will be the last day that Grizzly Creek mill will run this year. Plans have not been completed for its reopening so the men that work side by side all year long will be wishing one another a "so long and Merry Christmas" till next spring probably.

+ + + + + +

Jack O'Dell is back from Springville, Calif., where he has been working in a mill. Mrs. O'Dell and Jack had a short reunion and then had to leave for Sacramento, where she will stay with her daughter, Annebelle, and son-in-law, Bob McAlister, while she seeks treatment from a Sacramento specialist for a bad case of bursitis.

+ + + + + +

Agnes Cartwright had planned on spending the Christmas Holidays with her sister, the Darke family of Hercules. Zoann and Chester are also going down, but Agness will have them visit her for she will be at the University Hospital in San Francisco. I told her not to worry, Santa Claus always visits hospitals first thing.

+ + + + + +

Gerrie Treloar's mother, who had been visiting, went back to Pomona, and Gerrie is a little let down after such a nice visit.

+ + + + + +

We just finnished decorating our tree. This year we used soap whipped with water, using the electric mixer, and the results are just georgeous. Looks just like real snow and with all the pastel colored ornaments, it looks just like winter in fairy tale land. Merry Christmas.

+ + + + + +

Let's hope that future Christmas seasons won't be too sad for the friends and loved ones of Mr. Troxel, who passed away last week.

+ + + + + +

Marcena Welker's 4H heifer, Balerina, led her young owner a merry chase the other day. The frolicing bovine was finally located about two miles from home.

+ + + + + +

Roy Jones returned from Oregon with the sad news of his mother's death. Mrs. Nancy Ryann, 91, passed away Nov. 29. She had crossed the continent twice by covered wagon.

+ + + + + +

Grizzly Creek's fork lift operator, Tom Barry, was slightly injured last week when he attempted to pick up a log off the deck. A log on the top of the pile fell on the cab of the fork lift, smashing it. Barry luckily feel out, or would possibly have been injured seriously.

Girl Gives Guide Dog

What better Christmas present could a young girl of 14 receive than that of knowing that she has helped someone less fortunate to enjoy a little happier life?

This question was asked of James T. Taylor, McCourtney Road, step father of Miss Sue Coleman, who trained a seeing-eye dog on a 4-H project to be presented to a blind man.

Young Sue and her parents travelled to San Rafael recently. There they attended the dog and new master's graduation from a two-week get acquainted course. She saw her time and patience repaid as the dog and master were presented with a certificate from the Guide Dog School.

Sue is a sophomore in high school in Grass Valley, where she lives with her parents. A member of the Wood Chuckers 4-H Club, she started on the project a year ago. Since that time and up until she turned the Chesapeake retriever over to the school, she spent at least one hour a day during the week and two to three hours on weekends training the dog in obedience.

Her step father, a civilian employee in the Beale AFB procurement office, said Sue loves animals and never once complained that the dog was taking too much of her time.

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Builders Form Co.

The formation of a new construction company was announced today in Grass Valley by R. J. Mayer, general building contractor.

The company to be known as Tahoe Home Builders will have offices at 147 S. Auburn Street, and was formed by a group of Grass Valley businessmen headed by Mayer

They will specialize in quality home and commercial buildings.

Mayer has been engaged in the building business in the midwest, Oregon, and for the past ten years, in California.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS...by the Nevada City Elementary School Choir gave atmosphere to the school's annual collection of canned goods for distribution to needy families. The choir is shown under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Phelan.

Maritime Academy Examination Scheduled

Paul J. Lunardi, Assemblyman representing the Sixth District, announces a competitive examination for young men in his district to become his nominee for admission to the California Martime Academy in August, 1960

The examination will be held at 9: a.m. April 9, at the Sacramento High School Library, Sacramento. There are no fees required to take this examination.

The applicant with highest passing score on the tests will become the nominee of Assemblyman Lunardi. Others with passing scores may be admitted if vacancies in the quota for the entering class exist.

Each State Assemblyman representing an even-number district may nominate a young man from his district for admission to the Academy in 1960.

Since the number who can be admitted to the Academy each year is limited, this method of selection insures state-wide opportunity to gain admission to the Academy and to prepare for positions of leadership in the maritime industry.

The State-operated California Maritime Academy is located on Carquinez Strait, Vallejo, at the head of San Francisco Bay.

The Academy program provides, in three years, approximately the same education as the normal four-year college.

The graduate receives a B. S. degree, either in nautical science or in marine engineering. Well-paid jobs as licensed officers in the U.S. Merchant Marine await the graduates. Those who are physically and otherwise qualified, are eligible for commissions in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

Students must pay a tuition fee which includes room and board, and must purchase their textbooks and uniforms.

To be eligible for admission, an applicant must, at the time of admission in August, be a high school graduate, unmarried, 17 years of age but not over 23 (except in the case of veterans who may enter up to the age of 27), and meet certain physical and mental requirements.

Application to take the examination should be made to Assemblyman PAUL J. LUNARDI, Room 2132, State Capitol, Sacramento, on or before March 1, 1960.

Further information may be obtained by writing to The Dean of Instruction, California Maritime Academy, Vallejo.

COMMITTEE...to sort the canned donations and prepare them for distribution include (left to right) Mrs. Fred H. Robby, Mrs. O.J. Zwonechek, Mrs. Ted Sigourney and Mrs. Jack Siegfreid.

Townsend Heads Racing Association

Jack Townsend was elected president of the Nevada County Racing Association Tuesday night of last week at a meeting of the group.

Other officers elected were Larry Mayworm, vice-president; Less Sandiforth, secretary; Phil Crenshaw, treasurer; Al Cresswell and Bob Winkle, and track managers; and Norman Paul, pit manager.

Board of directors for the new year include Jack Townsend, Larry Mayworm, Les Sandiforth, Phil Crenshaw, Al Creswell, Bob Winkle, Norman Paul, Oscar Dean, Morris Seaman, Bob Del Carlo, Frank Smith and Bob Goss.

Track referee will be named later, Townsend said

The first American YMCA was established in Boston in 1851.

CHILDREN LINE UP...waiting for the program to begin. Behind them are two aluminum foil reindeer made by a committed of eighth graders.

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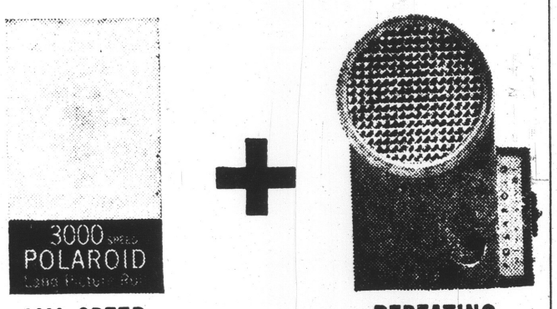

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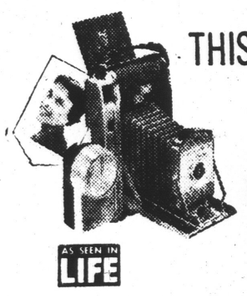

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SAUSAGE LINK	lb	59¢
OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRY SAUCE	2 for	39¢
SARAMENTO TOMATO SAUCE	10 - 8 oz Tins	69¢
PLUMROSE DANISH HAM	2 lb Tin	$2.29
BEER GRACE BROS.	6 Pack	89¢
CREAM OF RICE	18 oz	29¢

DELMONTE PINEAPPLE GRAPEFRUIT DRINK 46 oz 29¢

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LUCCA RAVIOLIS 4 Dozen Package 39¢
LUCCA MUSHROOM GRAVY 7 oz Tub 19¢
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TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS
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124 S. Auburn St.
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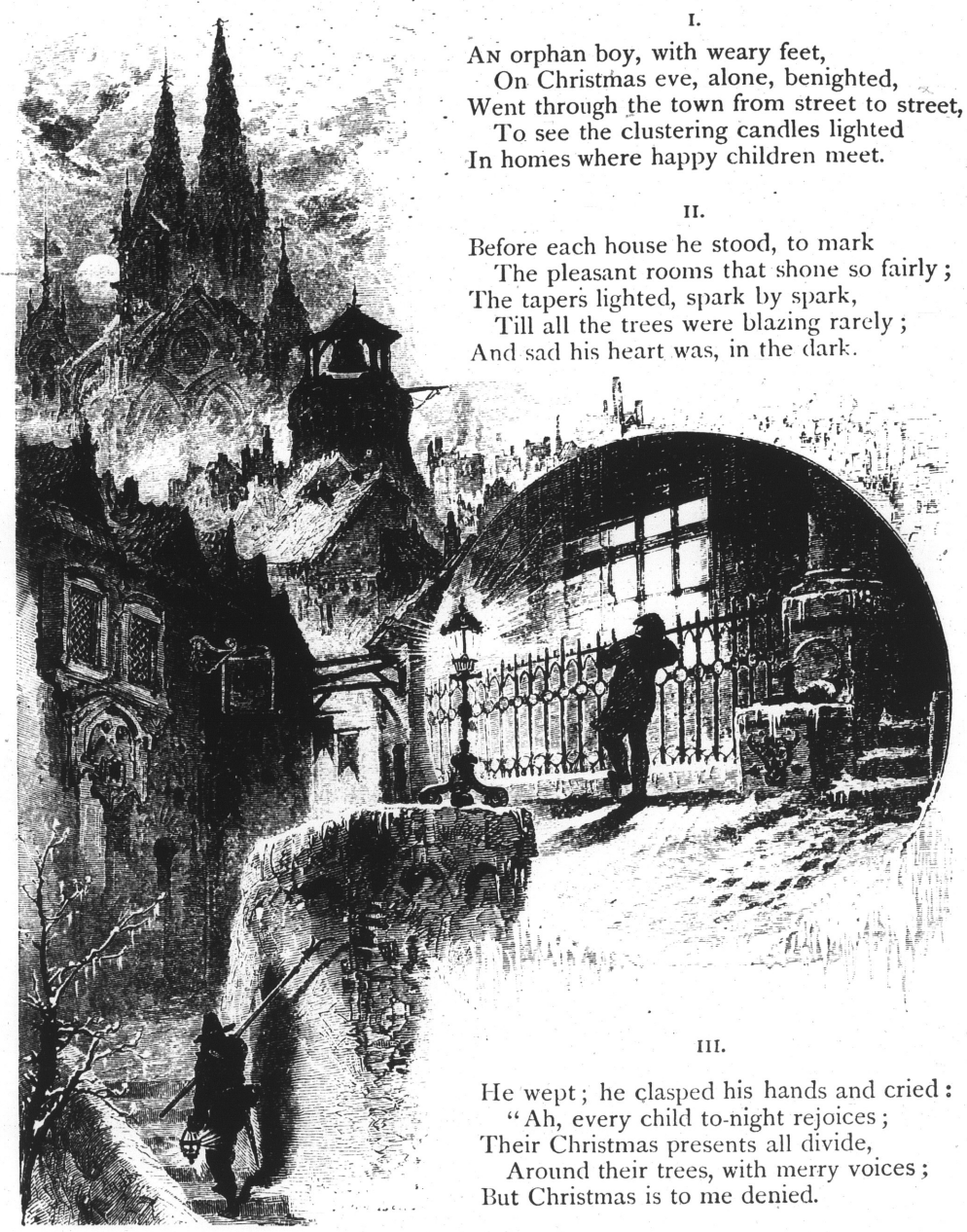
The Orphan's Christmas-Tree

Reprinted From Scribner's Monthly
January 1872



I.

An orphan boy, with weary feet,
On Christmas eve, alone, benighted,
Went through the town from street to street,
To see the clustering candles lighted
In homes where happy children meet.

II.

Before each house he stood, to mark
The pleasant rooms that shone so fairly;
The tapers lighted, spark by spark,
Till all the trees were blazing rarely;
And sad his heart was, in the dark.

III.

He wept; he clasped his hands and cried:
"Ah, every child to-night rejoices;
Their Christmas presents all divide,
Around their trees, with merry voices;
But Christmas is to me denied.

IV.

"Once with my sister, hand in hand,
At home, how did my tree delight me!
No other tapers shone so grand;
But all forget me, none invite me,
Here, lonely, in the stranger's land.

V.

"Will no one let me in, to share
The light,—to take some corner nigh it?
In all these houses can't they spare
A spot where I may sit in quiet—
A little seat among them there?

VI.

"Will no one let me in to-night?
I will not beg for gift or token;
I only ask to see the sight
And hear the thanks of others spoken,
And that will be my own delight."

VII.

He knocked at every door and gate;
He rapped at window-pane and shutter;
But no one heard and bade him wait,
Or came, the "Welcome in!" to utter:
Their ears were dull to outer fate.

VIII.

Each father looked with eyes that smiled,
Upon *his* happy children only:
Their gifts the mother's heart beguiled
To think of them: none saw the lonely
Forgotten boy, the orphan child.

"O Christ-child, holy, kind and dear!
I have no father and no mother,
Nor friend save thee, to give me cheer.
Be thou my help, there is none other,
Since all forget me, wandering here!"

x.

The poor boy rubbed his hands so blue,
His little hands, the frost made chilly;
His tattered clothes he closer drew,
And crouched within a corner stilly,
And prayed, and knew not what to do.

XI.

Then, suddenly, there shone a light;
Along the street, approaching nearer,
Another child, in garments white,
Spake as he came—and clearer, dearer,
His voice made music in the night:

XII.

"I am the Christ! have thou no fear!
I was a child in my probation,
And children unto me are near:
I hear and heed thy supplication,
Though all the rest forget thee here.

XIII

"My saving Word to all I bear,
And equally to each 'tis given;
I bring the promise of my care
Here, in the street, beneath the heaven,
As well as in the chambers there.

XIV.

"And here, poor boy, thy Christmas-tree
Will I adorn, and so make glimmer
Through all this open space, for thee,
That those within shall twinkle dimmer,
For bright as thine they cannot be!"

XV.

The Christ-child with his shining hand
Then pointed up, and lo! the lustres
That sparkled there! He saw it stand,
A tree, o'erhung with starry clusters
On all its branches, wide and grand.

XVI.

So far and yet so near! the night
Was blazing with the tapers' splendor:
What was the orphan boy's delight,
How beat his bosom warm and tender,
To see his Christmas-tree so bright!

XVII.

It seemed to him a happy dream;
Then, from the starry branches bending,
The angels stooped, and through the gleam
They lifted him to peace unending,
They folded him in love supreme.

IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.....The Citizen Christmas Book is offered to the residents of Nevada County. Collected here are a story, a poem or two, scenes of the Nativity; pictures, puzzles; games; a remembrance of Nevada County Christmases of the past, and much more ---all, we hope, in keeping with the genuine spirit of the joyous season.

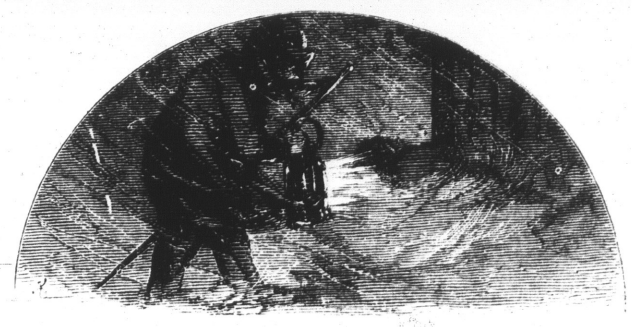
THE COVER.....is a Christmas Pageant scene of the Nevada City First Methodist Church Sunday School. Children in the scene include Karen Ronningen, Mary; and Mark Findley, Joseph. Others (left to right) are Leland Hintze, Dennis Lessel and Kathy Peters. Angels in the background are from the choir.

Photo by Prentiss Portrait.

NOTE: Many of the stories and illustrations in our Christmas Book are taken from old editions of Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas Magazine of the 1870's and '80's and '90's. This material was generously loaned to The Citizen by George I. Ellsworth of Grass Valley.

XVIII.

The orphan child is now at rest:
No father's care he needs, nor mother's,
Upon the Christ-child's holy breast.
All that is here bestowed on others
He there forgets, where all is best.



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Holiday Greetings
Pioneer BARBER SHOP
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Grass Valley
JIM & JOAN ALLEN

Christmas in Nevada County nearly sixty years ago, in the early days of the century--life was simpler then, "There wasn't so much hurry-scurry in those days," according to Elza Kilroy, Nevada City civic leader, mainstay of numerous clubs and lodges, a man with honest pride in his town and his country.

Kilroy, who is president-elect of the Nevada County Historical Society, has lived in the county for more than half of its Christmases. (He is 63 years old and looks younger.) "Oh yes, life was simpler. Christmas was not as commercial as it is today.

"Christmas eve was the big night. It was a family night, and the kids would decorate the tree. Instead of electric lights we had candles, about four or five inches long, that clipped to the tree. People never gave the fire hazard a thought, and I don't remember any fires from Christmas tree candles--except maybe somebody's curtain burned up."

Christmas was simple and everyone had a joyous time, a 4 bit (50¢) Christmas tree was bought and on many occasions we would go up into the hills or side of Deer Creek and cut our own making a Sunday picnic.

The base was the end of a fruit box, no fancy holders or gadgets made of metal or aluminum.

A beautiful tree it was when a few candle holders bearing white small candles were attached to the various branches together with popcorn strung on white thread taken from Mom's sewing bag.

Christmas church-going habits have changed over the years Kilroy says. "There was no midnight mass in those days. People went to church on Christmas day. And there was a lot of visiting from house-to-house on Christmas day. We'd have wine and fruitcake at people's houses. I suppose you can still make the rounds on Christmas if you want to, for that matter."

Elza Kilroy

Kilroy can remember the day when horse-drawn buses took carolers out from the old Union and National hotels. "If there was snow they would go in sleds," he says, "and they had bells on the horses." Caroling groups such as the Grass Valley Cornish choir would also sing in the streets or go out to serenade the patients at the county hospital--a custom which has not been entirely forgotten.

The Cornish choir, says Kilroy, used to use the Nevada County Traction Company electric car service for transportation to Nevada City from Grass Valley. They used to carol in front of the National Hotel, then continue to the County hospital via "shanks mare."

As a clerk in the Nevada City post office, where he served for 32 years, Kilroy saw his share of Christmas mail-rushes. "Everybody had to come to the post office for packages and to send their mail or pick it up, before there was city

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Alma's Beauty Shop
234 COMMERCIAL PHONE 799
Nevada City

and rural delivery. Sometimes when the weather was bad the up-country stages were late or the narrow gauge was late. Everybody would congregate at the post office." The practice of sending Christmas cards has grown mainly in the last 20 years, Kilroy says. Before moving to its present location on Commercial Street the Nevada City post office was located in the National Hotel, where the bar is now.

A subject about which Kilroy feels strongly is outdoor Christmas decorations. "There used to be a series of living Christmas trees throughout Grass Valley and Nevada City. People would go from street to street night after night about 20 years ago to see the lights, like on Ernie Schrieber's blue spruce on Broad Street. Mrs. Parsons (the late Mrs. Charles E. Parsons) of the Civic Club would encourage people to have living Christmas trees.

"But it got so the kids would shoot out the lights or steal them and even cut the cords." As a result the "living Christmas tree" habit has been curtailed, although not entirely lost.

Among outdoor decorations of the past remembered fondly by Kilroy, but now abandoned because of vandalism or impracticality are:

--a red star on Sugar Loaf, placed through the efforts of Max Solaro, Under-Sheriff of Nevada County at that time,

--a city Christmas tree placed in the center of the Plaza. Kilroy says it was "short-lived, a target for motorists, knocked down several times".

--a line of Christmas trees in front of Nevada City business houses at the curb, bearing strings of electric lights.

--a large red star placed atop the courthouse by Carl Larsen

--an "outstanding" metal reindeer and sleigh, brightly strung with colored lights, outside the E.M.Rector home on Nevada Street, abandoned when vandals broke the antlers.

But the biggest living Christmas tree of all, the Nevada City Community Christmas tree on Sacramento Street, is still brightly lit--thanks in part to Kilroy's efforts. In 1957 the 95 year old redwood might have remained dark through Christmas, if he had not initiated a drive to finance the repairing of the lights and the wiring of the tree.

And as everyone knows, the huge red-lighted cross that shines above Nevada City is Kilroy's own. High in a pine tree behind the Kilroy house on Drummond Street, the 7 x 15 foot cross has displayed for 24 years in symbolic form what to Kilroy is the spirit and meaning of Christmas. "And you know," he says, genuinely baffled, "not one kid has ever taken a shot at that cross."

Everyone enjoyed the tree and its decoration for they all had a hand in it even stringing cranberries on string. In those days it didn't cut into a week's salary to have and enjoy a Christmas tree.

"The Ole Sock"

The old sock hung on the fireplace or close to the chimney was a tradition and taken real seriously. If by chance one was hung up with a hole in it was a matter of fact, but it still held an orange and plugged the hole very well leaving no outlet for the dozen or so of assorted nuts and spice candies. Nut shells were scattered hither and yon using Mom's ole hand ironing iron to good advantage.

The presents under the tree were not too plentiful, but served well their purpose for warmth and endurance.

Oh yes! Almost every home tree bore a red painted or varnished sled. Believe it or not...if the fall of snow was scant, the steel runners were worked overtime coasting down the hills with pine needles substituted for snow, not too bad providing the hill was steep.

As I Remember...

Christmas presents were bought for your family members and very close friends. There was very little tipping--to your hairdresser (frankly, there were none) which applies to the mailman. The milkman, grocery boy, butcher and many other people were happy to serve and did not expect tips for their services.

Everybody was happy and had a good time bringing cheer and happiness to other people.

Merry Christmas
Wheel and Frame
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Happy Holiday
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The Rapture Of Hetty

By Mary Hallock Foote

A Christmas Love Story of the Idaho Frontier by the famous Nevada County writer.

Note: Before coming to Nevada County in 1897 with her engineer husband, Arthur D. Foote, Mrs. Foote lived in Idaho, where he was wrestling with the problems of irrigating the Idaho desert. From her experience there she drew most of the material for her fiction.

THE RAPTURE OF HETTY.

THE dance was set for Christmas night at Walling's, a horse-ranch where there were women, situated in a high, watered valley shut in by foothills, sixteen miles from the nearest town. The cabin with its roof of shakes, the sheds and corrals, can be seen from any divide between Packer's ferry and the Payette.

The "boys" had been generally invited, with one exception to the usual company. The youngest of the sons of Basset, a pastoral and nomadic house, was socially under a cloud, on the charge of having been "too handy with the frying-pan brand."

The charge could not be substantiated, but the boy's name had been roughly handled in those wide, loosely defined circles of the range where the force of private judgment makes up for the weakness of the law, in dealing with crimes that are difficult of detection and uncertain of punishment. He that has obliterated his neighbor's brand or misapplied his own, is held as, in the age of tribal government and ownership, was held the remover of his neighbor's landmarks. A word goes forth against him potent as the levitical curse, and all the people say amen.

As society's first public and pointed rejection of him the slight had rankled with the son of Basset, and grievously it wore on him that Hetty Rhodes was going, with the man who had been his earliest and most persistent accuser: Hetty, prettiest of all the bunch-grass belles, who never reproached nor quarreled, but judged people with her smile and let them go. He had not complained, though he had her promise, — one of her promises, — nor asked a hearing in his own defense. The sons of Basset were many and poor; their stock had dwindled upon the range; her men-folk condemned him, and Hetty believed, or seemed to believe, as the others.

Had she forgotten the night when two men's horses stood at her father's fence, — the Basset boy's and that of him who was afterward his accuser; and the other's horse was unhitched when the evening was but half spent, and furiously ridden away, while the Basset boy's stood at the rails till close upon midnight? Had the coincidence escaped her that from this night, of one man's rage and another's bliss, the ugly charge had dated? Of these things a girl may not testify.

They met in town on the Saturday before the dance, Hetty buying her dancing-shoes at the back of the store, where the shoe-cases framed in a snug little alcove for the exhibition of a "fit." The boy, in his belled spurs and "shaps" of goat-hide, was lounging disconsolate and sulky against one of the front counters; she wore a striped ulster, an enchanted garment his arm had pressed, and a pink crocheted tam-o'-shanter cocked bewitchingly over her dark eyes.

Her hair was ruffled, her cheeks were red, with the wind she had faced for two hours on the spring-seat of her father's "dead axe" wagon. Critical feminine eyes might have found her a trifle blowzy; the sick-hearted Basset boy looked once, — he dared not look again.

Hetty coquetted with her partner in the shoe bargain, a curly-headed young Hebrew, who flattered her familiarly and talked as if he had known her from a child, but always with an eye to business. She stood, holding back her skirts and rocking her instep from right to left, while she considered the effect of the new style; patent-leather foxings and tan-cloth tops, and heels that came under the middle of her foot, and narrow toes with tips of stamped leather; — but what a price! More than a third of her chicken-money gone for that one fancy's satisfaction. But who can know the joy of a really distinguished choice in shoe-leather like one who in her childhood has trotted barefoot through the sage-brush and associated shoes only with cold weather or going to town? The Basset boy tried to fix his strained attention upon anything rather than upon that tone of high jocosity between Hetty and the shiny-haired clerk. He tried to summon his own self-respect and leave the place.

What was the tax, he inquired, on those neck-handkerchiefs; and he pointed with the loaded butt of his braided leather quirt to a row of dainty silk mufflers, signaling custom from a cord stretched above the gentlemen's-furnishing counter.

The clerk explained that the goods in question were first class, all silk, brocaded, and of an extra size. Plainly he expected that a casual mention of the price would cool the inexperienced customer's curiosity, especially as the colors displayed in the handkerchiefs were not those commonly affected by the cow-boy cult. The Basset boy threw down his last half-eagle and carelessly called for the one with a blue border. The delicate "baby blue" attracted him by its perishability, its suggestion of impossible refinements beyond the soilure and dust of his own grimy circumstances. Yet

(Continued on Page 14)

Santa Claus... and How He Grew

If you go back far enough you'll find that Santa Claus is one thing the Russians probably did invent. It's an interesting story . . . and St. Nicholas is still the patron saint of Russia; at least he was until Lenin got elected to his old job. St. Nicholas didn't look a thing like Santa Claus. He was kindly, thin old bishop back in ancient Rome who was celebrated for his good deeds. He didn't wear a red suit. He went around in a cope and mitre just like any other bishop.

Now here is where the Russians come in. They first spread the charming story that St. Nick was leaving gifts for the children of the poor on Christmas Eve. And that's how the Santa Clus tale began, far out on the steppes and long before the folks in Moscow knew a soviet from a samovar.

From farm to farm and village to village the legend spread and grew. Soon kind St. Nicholas was reputed to be leaving presents everywhere from the Volga to the Thames on the night before Christmas for folks all over loved the idea and no child has ever been known to look a gift reindeer in the mouth.

In Germany they called him Der Weihnachtsmann... The Man-who-comes-on-Christmas-Eve...even if it was Grossfadder. The French, more romantic, said he was Pere Noel and so did the Belgians. We'll get to the Dutch later. Across the Channel to England the French name traveled and was translated directly as Father Christmas.

A special word about England. Here it took the good Saint a long time to elbow the boar's heads and Yule logs from the center of the Christmas stage. But by Queen Victoria's time every boy and girl in London, Cornwall and the Cotswolds knew about Father Christmas by heart long, lean, stooped and bearded, with an ankle-length robe of Robin Hood green and a staff in his hand trimmed with mistletoe. Holly leaves and red berries sparkled in his white hair. He reminded Englishmen of a stern Old Testament prophet with a twinkle in his eye. He was as solidly British and institution as roast beef, plum pudding and punting on the Thames. And so he stayed...till after World War 1.

Now what of the Dutch? Like the Russians, they reached right back to the legend of the Roman bishop, plucked him out of ancient history and gave him the keys to their children's hearts. No Weihnachtsmann for them. They called him San Niklaas which is Amsterdam for St. Nicholas. Then one day in 1626 a little ship from Holland anchored in New York Bay. Peter Minuit rowed a shore and counted out sixty silver guilders...about $24 U.S. ...to buy a rocky island owned by the Manhattoes Indians. The Dutch moved into New York and San Niklass moved with them.

The name stuck for a long time until Brooklyn got settled, too. People there, living under the Flatbush tree, had their own fascination brand of speech. Soon San Niklass turned into Santa Claus and in a little while folks across the river in New York were saying Santa Claus, too. Year by year, the saint's new monicker moved uptown...to Washington Square, Murray Hill and Central Park...and then out all over America.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
From The Staff
Of The
Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

GREETINGS
SHARPE ELECTRIC
102 GOLD TUNNEL DR.
Phone Nevada City 160 W

Holiday Cheer
Ed Wehrle
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Grass Valley
REAL ESTATE
& LOANS
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Ph. 1867

KĀ-HI
950 on your dial
Wishes You A
merry
christmas
and invites you
to Listen In
Grass Valley-Nevada City Studio
Litton Engineering Laboratory
P.O. Box 949

An American Santa in the 1890's, artist unknown. The jolly saint wears a Russian style hat and a close-cropped beard. His boots seem to be laced.

Till about 1880 Santa was pictured as a skinny old fellow in a long green robe. He still looked a little like the old Roman Bishop and a lot like Father Christmas over in England. Then a famous American artist, A.B. Frost, figured Santa would be merrier if he were shorter, fatter and chubbier. That, in turn, meant designing a new costume for him: jacket, breeches, boots, belt and finally a stocking cap. And we began to have our modern Santa Claus.

Other Artists slowly helped the evolution along J.C. Leyendecker's Post covers lengthened the Frost goatee to a full beard, William C. Both gave Santa his pug nose and ermine cuffs and Clyde J. Newman, added the well-known overhanging brows and the bulging sack of toys.

By 1925 the metamorphosis was complete. And now Santa crossed the ocean again. He sailed back to England and for better or worse began to Americanize that sceptered isle, along with traffic lights, gangster movies and Soda Pop. Today Father Christmas is a fading memory in England and jolly American Santas crowd the British newspapers at Christmas time and make extravagant promises to kids in department stores.

Such is the Santa Claus story... fathered in Rome and born on the Russian plains; nursed in western Europe and finally christened by an unknown Dutchman in the shadow of Ebbets Field. He could have done a lot worse.

Clyde J. Newman draws Santa for Meyer Both's Christmas Service in 1915. The jacket is velvet-trimmed, the beard still short. And Santa sports lumberjack boots and light-colored breeches.

SANTA'S SURE TO ARRIVE, THIS YEAR HE'S INSURED WITH CURNOW HALLS

INSURANCE

316 Broad St.

Phone N. C. 633

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CHRISTMAS FUN, TRIED ON THE FAMILY

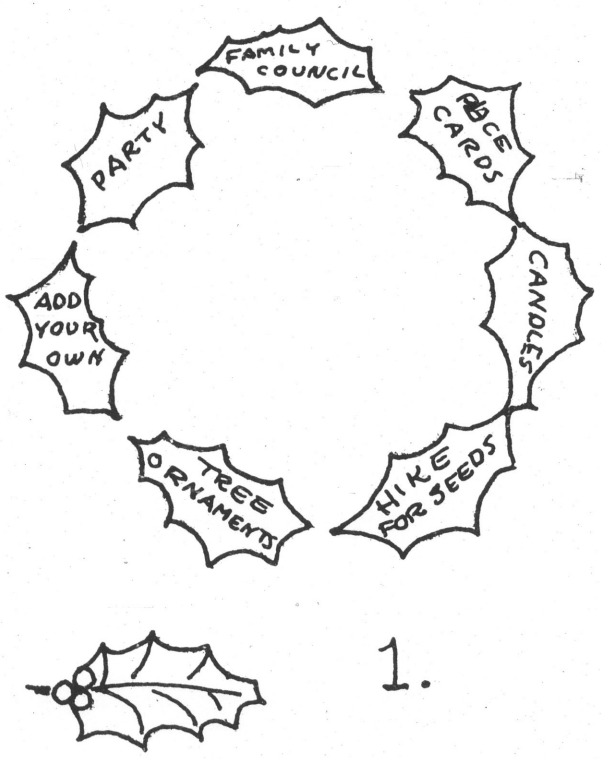
by George and Evelyn Burcham

THE AUTHORS, both of whom have wide experience in teaching, youth recreation and church work, live with their three daughters in LaBarr Meadows.

Because Christmas is a celebration of beginnings, it is only natural that we should make the season as creative as possible, and in so doing draw the family closer together in love.

All of us know from experience that children love to give, love to decorate, love to make pretty things, they wish to be a part of all of the activities that normally go on during this holiday. To put all of these strong desires to work for a happy time will require some planning, some self discipline on the part of the adults and the ability to flip off the T.V. switch.

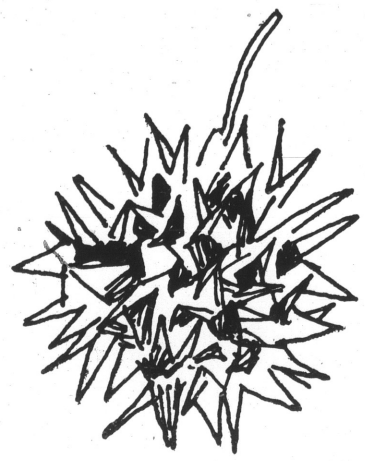
A good way to start off the planning, we have found, is to have a family council. This may be carried on in a semi-formal, with suggestions, discussion and mutual agreement and volunteering for specific duties and responsibilities. And after the plans have been made, it will be fun to make a large wreath calendar. Use green construction paper or what have you. Each leaf may be inscribed with one activity for the holidays. As this activity is finished, that leaf is covered with a blank leaf and red berries. See Illustration 1. Some of the activities our family has enjoyed are as follows:



1.

Tree Decorations

Seed pods: Take a family hike or trip to gather seed pods, cones, dry weeds, to be painted gold or silver and used for various decorations. We have some balls from the Plane tree, some fancy pods from a shrub whose name is unknown to us and which looks like Illustration 2; some dry okra pods from the garden, some white flower like seed clusters from a roadside weed; all sizes of pine and fir cones. Some of these will be used as table decorations; some on place cards, others as tree ornaments. All are enhanced when dipped in aluminum or gold paint.

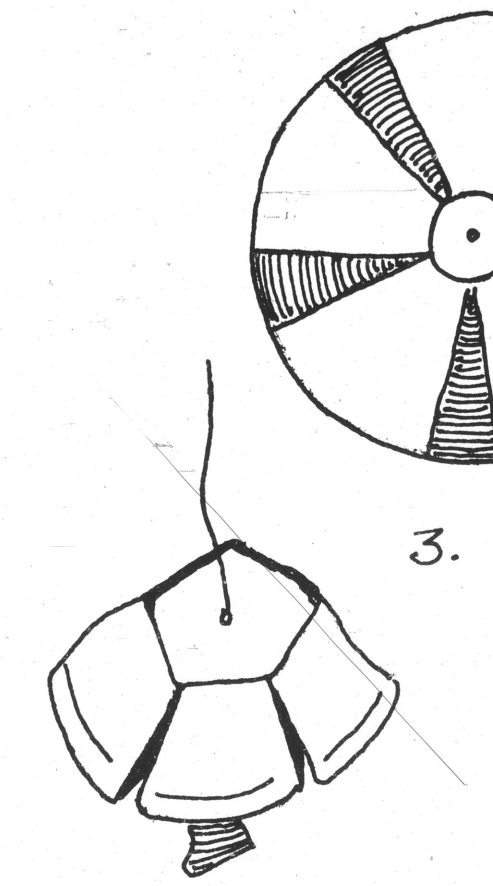


2.

Tin Can Lid Bells: These can be made by young and old alike. Take any bright metal can lid. Draw five petals or whatever number you desire. Cut out the shaded parts, as shown in Illustration 3. Ordinary children's scissors will cut the metal if you do not have tin snips. Punch a hole in the center with ice pick or nail. Fold down the petals to make a bell shape. Use one of the cut out pieces for a bell clapper and suspend it on red or green string. Tie a knot so the clapper will dangle a little below the bottom of the bell.

Egg Carton Dangles: Cut out each individual egg holder from the molded-type egg carton. Round the edges and cover with aluminum or gold colored foil paper. Run a string through the bell from the top and back up again and tie on the tree. Or these may be painted or sprayed, or a bit of colored glitter applied to the natural carton.

Some parents like to make the Christmas tree a work of art. So the Children are benched while pop and mom throw and catch the passes. Our family experience has been that the little tots want to decorate and decorate and redecorate, so we have planned to have a few branches from the big tree, or some small trees for each youngest to fashion into his own little private tree. Or a Manzanita branch, denuded of leaves and sprayed with paint or gilt is fine;



3.

Place Cards, Candles, And Packages

Placecards: Some of last year's Christmas cards can be expended for this project. Let one of the kids make all of the place cards or if you have a large family or company coming, divide up the names. With scissors, paste. colored pencils, most children will create something that will thrill them and add to the fun of the Christmas dinner.

Candles in a Holder: Buy some plaster of paris at the hardware store. You will also need muffin tins and muffin paper cups, and birthday candles or larger. Mix the plaster to the consistency of cream (Jersey). Put the muffin cup in the muffin tin, then the candle in the cup and pour in the plaster, holding the candle straight up. The plaster sets very rapidly so work fast. It is best to mix several batches of plaster than too big a batch and have it set up before you finish pouring. Once dry, the candle can be left its own color or dipped in paint or gilded. The top of the plaster can be coated with thin glue and glitter sprinkled on it. Bright ribbons may be tied around the candle or small sprigs of cedar or other articles stuck into the plaster before it hardens. These could also be used as place cards. See illustration 4.

Wrapping Packages: We encourage our children to give gifts which they wish to give. One year, our three year old heaped the stack of packages under the tree with such things as pretty pieces of cloth, an array of short pencils, pretty buttons, each wrapped and tied in the best three year old fashion. She was as thrilled to watch us open her gifts to us as we were amazed and amused, but she learned the thrill of giving. Of course a little help and suggestion for useful articles which the child can make is ofter better. Our four year old with a little adult help, painted a coffee can and then filled it with home made cookies which she

We ave-
decorated
note pad w
close to th
a few usefu
the young
help.

Fam

This is a
family wo
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mittees
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few suggest
own ideas.

1. Mak
Jig Saw Puz
one can resi
Take some
from form

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Hobbyhouse & OFFICE EQUIPMENT

120 W. Main St. Grass Valley

Phone 214

Merry Xmas

PETE'S CAFE

235 Commercial

Nevada City

Greetings from

Cresswell's

BOSTON RAVINE AUTO WRECKERS

655 MILL ST.

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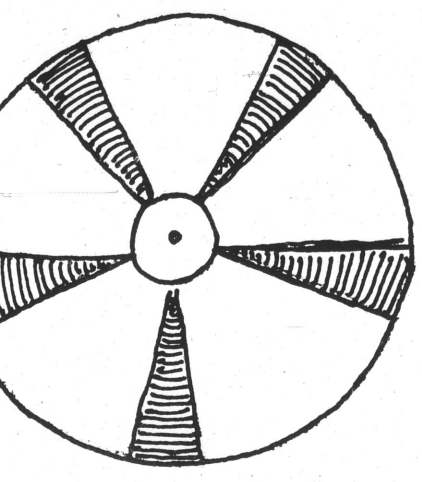
Grass Valley



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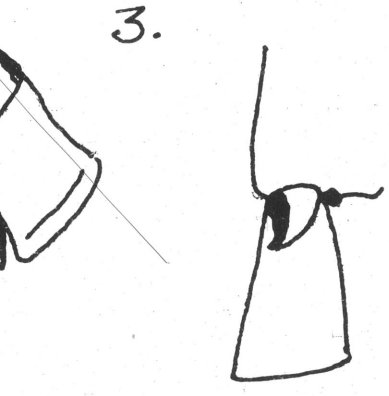


which she cut out with various cutters, as a gift for a friend.

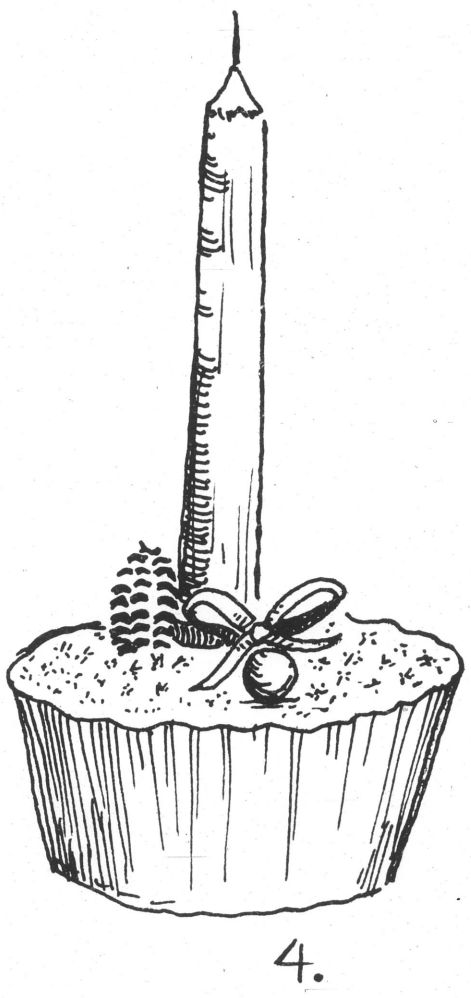
We ave-it-loop pot holders, decorated boxes for pencils, a note pad with pencil to keep close to the telephone, are but a few useful things which even the youngest can make with help.

Family Party

This is a fine way to get the family working together as a team. We have committees, one for games, one for decorations, one for refreshments. Committees usually include one adult or older child along with the small ones. And here are a few suggestions to add to your own ideas.

1. Making Christmas Card Jig Saw Puzzles. Hardly anyone can resist a jig saw puzzle. Take some of the fancy card from former years. Cut into fancy puzzles, some hard, some easy for the little ones. Put each puzzle into an envelop. Give an envelope to each person and at the signal to begin each sees if he can put his card together first. If you wish to make it more difficult, put a few pieces of someones else's card in a different envelope, so each player will have to trade around. Or if you really like it hard, put only one piece of the puzzle in an envelop and scatter all the other pieces on the center of the table.

2. Playing a word game. Give each person a paper and pencil. In five minutes they are to write down as many words as they can think of, using only the letters found in the word Christmas or Santa Claus, or Wreath. The one with the most letters in words is is the winner.



4.

3. Acting. All children love to act. "Performing is the manner of the adverb" is an old favorite which can be adapted to Christmas. The group picks out a leader, usually an adult for the first time. This leader thinks of an adverb, such as "slowly", but keeps it to himself. Then each person in the group has a turn asking the leader to imitate a Christmas toy, after the manner of the adverb.

For example: The leader may have in mind the word "slowly". So Johny asks him to ride a hobby horse, after the manner of the adverb. The leader acts it out so as to indicate "slowly". Anyone may guess. The one who guesses correctly becomes the next leader. Small children may have to have an older partner for this as with the previous game.

4. Singing. Our family likes to sing. If you have no musical instruments sing without, or get some good records to sing along with. Even the youngest can enjoy this and participate. There is a Little Book of Carols, which contains a number of the songs not too often sung at Christmas, but old favorites of ours after singing them for a number of years. This booklet can be gotten for about 35-50¢ from Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio. And other game ideas may be gotten from Pacific Recreation Service, Box 1855, San Jose, Calif.

5. Story-telling. Each family may have its favorites besides the Biblical story. We have a Christmas Carol on a record and usually play it during the evening or at the end of the party.

6. Crazy gift Hunt: This is real fun. On the night of the first family council meeting, put the names of each person on a spearate slip, put it in a bowl and each person draw a name. If he draws his own name he must put it back and try again. He keeps it secret, whose name he has. Then he must make an appropriate gift for that person, wrap it in any crazy way he wishes, insert a crazy poem or jingle about the receiver of the gift, then hide it somewhere in the house. Lots of secret work goes on. The night of the party each person at the signal to hunt must find his gift. The house may end up a shambles, but the fun will be worth it.

Christmas Sharing

To us this is the heart of Christmas. There is so much of getting in the American celebration that we like to emphasize real sharing with others. One year our two littlest, brought out 52¢ to send to Church World Service for milk for little children in other countries. When they received back a lovely letter telling how much milk their gift would provide they were happy beyond description. When our eldest brought out all of her savings, some $5.00 for our contribution to CARE, we had to exercise great self-control to keep from interfering, but we would think many times before thwarting natural unselfish urges. FAMILY FUN need not be a lost art. We are sure that there are many folks who plan and have good times together and families and with friends. We wish you would write to us, The Burchams, c/o Nevada County Citizen, Nevada City, telling some of the things you do in January and February, and we will share some of the good ideas with each other and with all who care to read. However, we will not be able to return your communications or reply to them personally.

CHRISTMAS JOY...

Mr. & Mrs. Bill Stinson
Ed Wolf Neal Werning

STINSON COMPANY
REALTOR
429 S Auburn
Phone 2040 Grass Valley

Santa, from Alpha, starts today
On his Gift Delivery way.
And while he's at it he wishes you
A Very Merry Christmas too
From the ALPHA HARDWARE CO.
GRASS VALLEY & NEVADA CITY

The Rapture Of Hetty

(Continued From Page 9)

he pocketed his purchase as though it had been any common thing, not to show his pride in it before the patronizing salesman.

He waited foolishly for Hetty, not knowing if she would even speak to him. When she came at last, loitering down the shop, with her eyes on the gay Christmas counters and her arms filled with bundles, he silently fell in behind her and followed her to her father's wagon, where he helped her unload her purchases.

"Been buying out the store?" he opened the conversation.

"Buying more than father 'll want to pay for," she drawled, glancing at him sweetly. Those entoiling looks of Hetty's dark-lashed eyes had grown to a habit with her: even now the little Jewish salesman was smiling over his brief portion in them. Her own coolness made her careless, as children are in playing with fire.

"Here's some Christmas the old man won't have to pay for." A soft paper parcel was crushed into her hand.

"Who is going to pay for it, I 'd like to know? If it 's some of your doings, Jim Basset, I can't take it — so there!"

She thrust the package back upon him. He tore off the wrapper and let the wind carry his rejected token into the trampled mud and slush of the street.

Hetty screamed and pounced to the rescue. "What a shame! It 's a beauty of a handkerchief. It must have cost a lot of money. I shan't let you use it so."

She shook it, and wiped away the spots from its delicate sheen, and folded it into its folds again.

"*I* don't want the thing." He spurned it fiercely.

"Then give it to some one else." She endeavored coquettishly to force it into his hands, or into the pockets of his coat. He could not withstand her thrilling little liberties in the face of all the street.

"I 'll wear it Monday night," said he. "May be you think I won't be there?" he added hoarsely, for he had noted her look of surprise, mingled with an infuriating touch of pity. "You kin bank on it I 'll be there."

Hetty toyed with the thought that after all it might be better that she should not go to the dance. There might be trouble, for certainly Jim Basset had looked as if he meant it when he had said he would be there; and Hetty knew the temper of the company, the male portion of it, too well to doubt what their attitude would be toward an inhibited guest who disputed the popular verdict, and claimed social privileges which it had been agreed that he had forfeited. But it was never really in her mind to deny herself the excitement of going. She and her escort were among the first couples to cross the snowy pastures stretching between her father's claim and the lights of the lonely horse-ranch.

It was a cloudy night, the air soft, chill, and spring-like. Snow had fallen early and frozen upon the ground: the stockmen welcomed the "chinook wind" as the promise of a break in the hard weather. Shadows came out and played upon the pale slopes, as the riders rose and dropped past one long swell and another of dim country falling away like a ghostly land seeking a ghostly sea. And often Hetty looked back, fearing, yet half hoping, that the interdicted one might be on his way, among the dusky, straggling shapes behind.

The company was not large, nor, up to nine o'clock, particularly merry. The women were engaged in cooking supper, or were above in the roof-room brushing out their crimps by the light of an unshaded kerosene lamp, placed on the pine washstand which did duty as a dressing-table. The men's voices came jarringly through the loose boards of the floor from below.

About that hour arrived the unbidden guest, and like the others he had brought his "gun." He was stopped at the door and told that he could not come in among the girls to make trouble. He denied that he had come with any such intention. There were persons present, — he mentioned no names, — who were no more eligible, socially speaking, than himself, and he ranked himself low in saying so; where such as these could be admitted, he proposed to show that he could. He offered, in evidence of his good faith and peaceable intentions, to give up his gun; but on the condition that he be allowed one dance with the partner of his choosing, regardless of her previous engagements.

This unprecedented proposal was referred to the girls, who were charmed with its audacity. But none of them spoke up for the outcast till Hetty said she could not think what they were all afraid of; a dozen to one, and that one without his weapon! Then the other girls chimed in and added their timid suffrages.

There may have been some twinges of disappointment, there could hardly have been surprise, when the black sheep directed his choice without a look elsewhere to Hetty. She stood up, smiling but rather pale, and he rushed her to the head of the room, securing the most conspicuous place before his rival, who with his partner took the place of second couple opposite.

"Keep right on!" the fiddler chanted, in sonorous cadence to the music, as the last figure of the set ended with "Promenade all!" He swung into the air of the first figure again, smiling, with his cheek upon his instrument and his eyes upon the floor. Hetty fancied that his smile meant more than merely the artist's pleasure in the joy he evokes.

"*Keep* your places!" he shouted again, after the "Promenade all!" a second time had raised the dust and made the lamps flare, and lighted with smiles of sympathy the rugged faces of the elders ranged against the walls. The side couples dropped off exhausted, but the tops held the floor, and neither of the men was smiling.

The whimsical fiddler invented new figures, which he "called off" in time to his music, to vary the monotony of a quadrille with two couples missing.

The opposite girl was laughing hysterically; she could no longer dance nor stand. The rival gentleman looked about him for another partner. One girl jumped up, then, hesitating, sat down again. The music passed smoothly into a waltz, and Hetty and her bad boy kept the floor, regardless of shouts and protests warning the trespasser that his time was up and the game in other hands.

Three times they circled the room; they looked neither to right nor left; their eyes were upon each other. The men were all on their feet, the music playing madly. A group of half-scared girls was huddled, giggling and whispering, near the door of the dimly lighted shed-room. Into the midst of them Hetty's partner plunged, with his breathless, smiling dancer in his arms, passed into the dim outer place to the door where his horse stood saddled, and they were gone.

They crossed the little valley known as Seven Pines; they crashed through the thin ice of the creek; they rode double sixteen miles before daybreak, Hetty wrapped in her lover's "slicker," with the blue-bordered handkerchief, her only wedding-gift, tied over her blowing hair.

Virginia Titell
calling to wish you a
Merry Christmas
TELEPHONE ANSWERING SERVICE
GRASS 2284 VALLEY

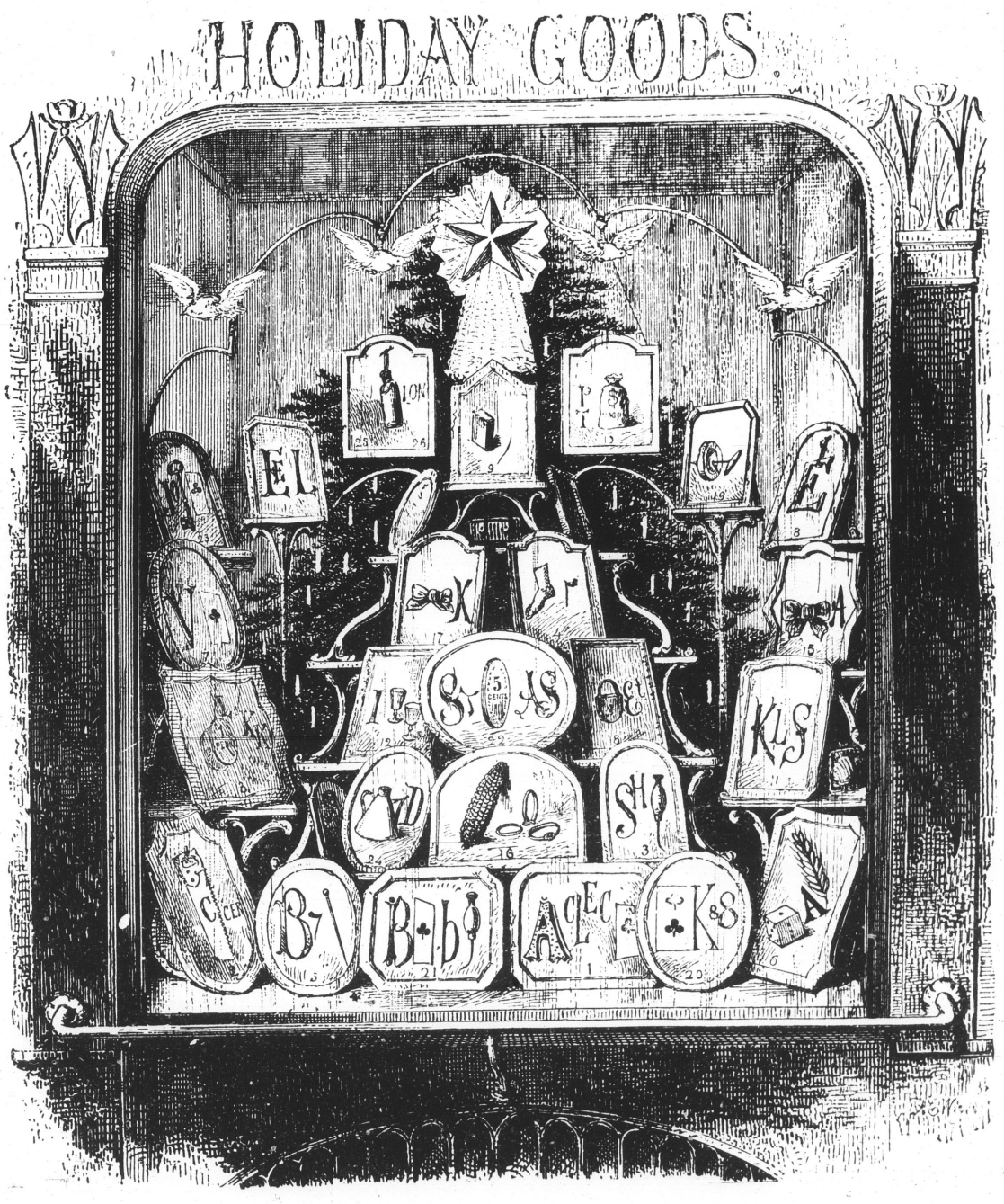
CHRISTMAS Greetings
RAMSEY'S
HOUSE OF SYMPATHY
222 Broad St.
Nevada City

Merry Christmas
William F. Christofferson AIA
ARCHITECT
Phone 1070 Nevada City

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

FROM ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

DECEMBER, 1876



The twenty-six numbered designs in the show-window represent as many articles suitable for Christmas gifts, including one or more for each member of the family. Nos. 1 and 2 are for grandfather; 3, 4, 6, 12 for grandmother; 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 for mother; 11, 13, 14 for father; 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, for sister; 19, 20, 21, 22 for brother; 24 for baby; 25, 26 for the one who is most fond of music. What are the gifts?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT 's this hurry, what 's this flurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something, too, 's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stair-way,
Bursts into a little shout:
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hall-way to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket,—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask *them* what 's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it 's Christmas day?"

Answers to a Christmas Puzzle---1. Spectacle-case (specked A-CLec-ace). 2. Cup and saucer (C upon saw-cer). 3. Shawl (Sh-awl). 4. Foot-rest (foot-rest). 5. Breast-pin (B-rest-pin). 6. 10. Portemonnaie (P 'oer T-money). 11. Letter-scales (letters K, L, S). 12. Eye-glasses (I-glasses). 13. Pencil-case (gence-L-K's). 14. Easel (E's L). 15. Boa (bow-A). 16. Ear-rings (ear 'of corn' -rings). 17. Bouquet (bow K). 18. Lock-et (lock-Et). 19. Checker-board (checker bored). 20. Club skates (clubs-K-eights). 21. Base-ball (B-ace-B-awl). 22. St. Nicholas (St.-Nickel-AS). 23. Jockey Club (Ko-key-club). 24. Candy (can-D). 24, 26. Violin, accordeon (vial in a cord-ION).

HAPPY HOLIDAYS
Broadway
BEAUTY SHOP
308 BROAD STREET
Phone
Nevada City 376

Season's Greetings
FROM
A & H DEVELOPMENTS
Hilare, Highland Park,
Starbright Acres
152 South Auburn
PIONEER VILLAGE
Phone 1109

GRASS VALLEY
LAUNDRY
and Dry Cleaners
111 Bennett St.
Phone 108
Wishes You
A PEACEFUL
CHRISTMAS

The Gospel According

To

SAINT MATTHEW

CHAPTER I

Verses 18 through 25

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a publick example, was minded to put her away privily.

But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife:

And knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS.